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The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina  
Greensboro, North Carolina

## CONTENTS

<i>Enter from the South Transept, A Young Shepherd</i> Nancy Hunnicutt, <i>The Woman's College</i>	3
<i>The Ever-Blessing of the Grasses</i> Bertha Harris, <i>The Woman's College</i>	4
<i>I Saw Your Hands on My Lips</i> Audre Lorde, <i>Hunter College</i>	5
<i>Mrs. Waterford Goes Home</i> Clara Ravenel Smith, <i>Converse College</i>	7
<i>The Map</i> Heather Ross, <i>The Woman's College</i>	8
<i>Nymph</i> Audre Lorde, <i>Hunter College</i>	9
<i>Quick, Said the Bird</i> Richard Frautschi, <i>The University of North Carolina</i>	10
<i>Earth - Steeds</i> Audre Lorde, <i>Hunter College</i>	11
<i>Red - Nose</i> Harriet Hilton Kennedy, <i>The Woman's College</i>	12
<i>Immortality: A Trilogy</i> Nancy Ruffy, <i>The Woman's College</i>	13
<i>I Say You Are Young</i> Audre Lorde, <i>Hunter College</i>	14
<i>The Wheel of the River Naked</i> Bertha Harris, <i>The Woman's College</i>	15

CORADDI, the student fine arts magazine of the Woman's College, contains in this issue the material chosen by the student-faculty writing committee for discussion at the Sixteenth Annual Arts Festival, March 5-14. The writing presented here will be discussed on March 11 by a panel of critics consisting of Mr. Robert Lowell, Mr. William Blackburn, Mr. John Frank and Mr. Murray Nauss.

General chairmen for the 1959 Arts Festival: Professor Harry Finestone and Nancy Hunnicutt.

The writing committee: Bertha Harris, student chairman; Louise Gooch, Heather Ross, Lany Walden; Professors Jean Buchert, faculty chairman; John Frank, Randall Jarrell, Murray Nauss, Edwin Perrin, Robert Watson.

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CAROLYN HARRIS. INK DRAWING 3. *Brush with ink, 16 x 18 inches.*

*Enter from the south transept  
A Young Shepherd, who approaches  
the so-called Merode Altarpiece  
and addresses the following remarks  
to it*

Joseph, old man! Why do you sit there  
fiddling with mousetraps while  
your young wife is receiving Callers  
in the next room?  
You left her reading a book, you say  
(a harmless enough amusement, agreed),  
but Joseph, what barrier is a book  
against the almighty assault  
and attraction  
of Life?

The attraction I have in mind, old man,  
is such as has never been seen  
in this town before: I refer to  
that white-robed Youth of astonishing  
beauty who is kneeling  
at your wife's feet.  
Is that any way for a social Caller  
to carry on? For God's sake,  
what are the neighbors going to think?

And for God's sake, what is that  
small strange mote in the sunlight  
that streams through the window above her?  
It looks to me like some sort of Baby  
that's bearing (for all the world)  
a cross on its shoulder.  
—And there you sit through it all  
hunched over your mousetraps! Man,  
you should have been out  
with lime and nets  
to trap that Dove  
before it had come and gone.

NANCY HUNNICUTT

# The Ever-Blessing of the Grasses

The ever-blessing of the grasses,  
the children, like the sun, will ever-appear through the trees,  
early arriving through blasts of branches.  
Endlessly they imitate the sun.  
Glowing and rising; burning, descending  
they ignite the days with the dreams of their nights.  
And bursting their houses into garlands of flames,  
they fulfill the evenings.

With morning, they approach the yards of day,  
shaking their luminous hair.  
Riding the weather like small horsemen,  
they construct its temper from the constant fantasy:  
arms strain upwards, waver, descend;  
London Bridges rise and fall.

The impulse of their tune contains their heat,  
sinks underground. It rises, and breaking earth,  
sounds the green of the various grasses.  
The shattered air rewinds itself  
within the weaving tongues  
and sings with them the ceremony,  
falling down, falling down.

And splitting the children's tune  
into countless inches of light,  
the day begins to sing its measure;  
the impulse renews its flow.  
Underground the earth is rising,  
building up, building up.

In the grasses growing greener, brighter,  
the children stretch long like late shadows  
and burn their images into the dusk  
while it falls, falls down upon their darkening hair.

And suddenly they rise  
into the final pleasure of their music,  
building, rising, rising up;  
and shaping the weather with a final fire,  
they destroy their houses with garlands of flames.

BERTHA HARRIS

# I Saw Your Hands on My Lips

I saw your hands on my lips

Like blind needles

Blunted from sewing up stone

And

Where are you from

you said

Your hands reading over my lips for

Some road through uncertain night

For your feet to examine home

Where are you from

Your hands on my lips like thunder

Promising rain;

Where are you from

"A land where all lovers are mute."

And

Why are you weeping

You said your hands on my doorway

Like rainbows

Why are you weeping

"I cannot return."

AUDRE LORDE



MARNIE SINGLETARY. HEAD OF CHRIST. Woodcut, 11 x 14 inches.

# Mrs. Waterford Goes Home

Clara Ravenel Smith

The cab stopped with a jerk in front of a two story brick building, grown black and dingy from the soot of many winters. Mrs. Waterford, glancing up at it as she rheumatically crawled out of the taxi, thought, it's old and worn, but respectable, a little like me, and she smiled grimly in the autumn twilight.

She straightened her bent shoulders and took a deep breath, "This is it," she said to herself as she gripped her cane firmly in one hand and the railing in the other and stiffly began to climb the cracked marble steps to the entrance.

"Never, never did I think I'd end up in a Home for the Aged. I don't feel aged, except in the mornings or in cold, damp weather," she hastily amended, trying to be honest. "I do declare it looks to be a comfortable place though, and Mrs. Ford seemed kind in her letters. Of course, I won't know how she really is for a while. Sometimes people put on their company manners at first and look like angels, while all the time they have black hearts."

As she struggled with the heavy door, the matron came forward. "Why, it's Mrs. Waterford. Do come in. We have your room all fresh and ready. Your furniture looks lovely in there against those pale green walls. We are so glad to have you," and she patted the wrinkled little hand which tightly clasped hers. "Let's go right on to your room and get you settled before you meet the others," she continued, edging past the living room door where several elderly ladies were gathered, avidly watching "Queen for a Day" on television.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ford. I'd like that," said Mrs. Waterford, speaking low to keep her voice from trembling. "To tell you the truth, I would like time to catch my breath before I meet the others. Do you think I look all right?" she said, straightening her collar as she caught a glimpse of herself in the hall mirror. "The bus trip was tiring."

"You look fine. Here's your room," and the matron opened the door with a welcoming gesture.

Mrs. Waterford peered over the top of her gold-rimmed spectacles at the room, bright and cheerful with its three big windows and white woodwork. "I see I have a view of the garden. That will be comforting next spring," she said, pushing aside one of her ruffled organdy curtains. "My brass bed does show up pretty, like you said. Wait till I get out my crocheted spread and those pillows from the South

Sea Islands my nephew Charlie sent me. One of them has a picture of a native girl on it doing the hula. It is a gold satin pillow, and really gorgeous, but that girl didn't have on enough clothes to suit me, so I just got a few scraps of cloth to match and made her a real dress to cover up that brassiere and grass skirt, and she looks perfectly respectable now."

When she paused for breath, the matron seized the opportunity to leave. "Supper is downstairs, at six o'clock. You've come at a happy time. One of the ladies has a birthday and we always have a party. I'll see you after a while," and she closed the door quietly.

Mrs. Waterford plumped herself down in her familiar rocking chair, puffing a little. My goodness, it's nice and warm in here, she thought, listening to the hiss of the radiator and enjoying the faint odor of fresh paint, as she eyed her brown cardboard suitcase and the four large boxes piled in one corner.

"I must get Donald's oil-tanker picture and the one taken last month of Charlie on the mantel first thing. Lord save us, what would Donald think if he knew I was in a Home! He was a good husband, except he would go to sea again at his age, instead of taking that job as night watchman in the factory up there in Danville. He always did love to fool with boats and engines." She opened the suitcase and took out two pictures, putting the cardboard, heavy paper and string they had been wrapped in away in the bottom drawer.

"I'll never get over the fact that Donald's not buried in the good earth, like a Christian. I hate to think of his lying somewhere in the depths of the sea, with the fish."

She picked up one of the pictures and dusted it, saying as she did, "And Charlie, he's a good boy. He didn't want me to come here. He'd have been happy to give me a home the rest of my life, and he felt bad when he put me on the bus. I know he did, though he didn't say anything. The Waterfords don't go in much for sentiment. That blonde floozy he married didn't want me around to see how she lay up in bed all day, eating candy and reading trashy magazines. She's the reason I'm in this place."

The thought of Lula Belle gave her energy enough to begin opening the boxes. As she piled one side of the top bureau drawer with outing nightgowns and put lavender sachets between them, her

(continued on page 16)

# THE MAP

South, sunsweet of the compass point,  
Bare skin bends to the water's palm;  
Eyes blink new against blue air brightness;  
Poetry is young, the map untraced, undated.

The road ran clean between  
Three oaks, amber.  
I met some wind fronds,  
Rich in sun juice.  
They held me up,  
Sniffed me down,  
Across the sea of sun adventure.

A bend, a twist, a turn of days,  
The map unfolds;  
Good dreams I mold  
Are gently breaking dawn.

Enhanced meridian primes the lip;  
Longitudes erase  
Before the sweet-crumbled nurture cake.  
Feed the wild rose,  
Increase the briar's escape  
From burning toes  
And wise flavor-nose.  
The crumbs are dusty  
But they prod me on.  
I know a bigger feast.  
Mapped banquet's taste is yet a haste  
Toward age's inevitable waste.

The distance varies from now to never-been.  
Some travel it in spiked shoes,  
But grass is sunnier, happier, buggier  
When caution-waits-a-minute.  
Profiles of night and day meet in clandestine hour;  
With hair caught high or damply down,  
I follow milestones of flesh flower,  
Beyond the here into the there,  
Counting toe tracks behind a dare.

A face is white shadow,  
A foreign peninsula of me.  
A laugh is red blaze,  
A cape of Good Hope lantern.  
The weather vane dances around his spire;  
I am no traveler of winds,  
But a wanderer of faces,  
Adventurer in grasses.

The map of sun is traced first by laugh wrinkles,  
Golden red and ripe,  
Then smeared and splotched  
By older convalescent's reach  
For childhood's wormless peach.

# NYMPH

Once

I was immortal beside an Ocean—

Having the names of Night—

And the first men came

With a sledge of fire

Driving the sun.

I was brought forth in the moon-pit of a virgin

Condemned to light

To a dry world's endless mornings

Blazing the moon away.

And the hot noon spoke

In a fiery voice

Branding me choice, and sane.

Perhaps I fled,

Seeking some new road home—

But morning had fingered the harrowing rivers

To nest in the dried-out, sparkling

Bed of my mother-sea.

Time

Drove the moon down to crescent

And they found me

Mortal

Beside a moon's-crater

Mouthing

The ocean-names of Night.

AUDRE LORDE

## Quick, Said The Bird

Open to page twenty-seven.

The children obedient in  
This eleventh hour  
Squirmingly turn.

So begins the lesson.

I, my lunch, eat  
With the birds, the angleworms  
Ashes and rosebuds attending.

What do you expect?

Free, unfrosted, I eat  
My lunch, on the terrace,  
The restaurant, on the roof,

The sidewalk. The coffeecups  
No longer inhibit the swallows.  
Nor did Descartes Corneille

Comprehend. It is only  
My lunch that you eat.  
As before the fact

Fiction was.  
Ergo, smiled the bird,  
Make haste.

RICHARD FRAUTSCHI

ANN DUNCAN, SOCIETY



## Earth-Steeds

Earth-steeds  
Ridden from wisdom; ridden from rest:  
But from the acrid roots  
No bearing, and penny-words on the land.  
No harvest of new fruit, or casual birds—  
Yet this is the time of bearing.

Was this the wild calling  
I heard in the long night past—  
Wrapped in a stone-closed house.  
I wakened to moon, to the sound-breached dark,—  
And  
Thinking a new word spoken  
Some promise made—  
Broke through the screaming night  
Seeking a gateway out  
But the night was dark  
And love was a burning fence about my house . . .

Cast in dry earth  
Baked hard by the noonday sun,  
Only a shallow print  
To show the harts passed.

AUDRE LORDE

Woodcut, 6½ x 23 inches.



# RED-NOSE

Harriet Hilton Kennedy

The room was dark, mostly, except for a spot near the middle where light from the outside shone through three holes in the sweatshirt hung over the window. Only one end of the high table was in that light, and on that end lay a mirror, its sides rusty and cracked and flecks of its back showing where the coating had worn away. A man stepped from the darkness, grasped the mirror, and lifted himself onto the table.

It wasn't as if he were ugly, so ugly that people would shudder and shake their heads whenever they looked at him. He wasn't handsome, of course, he'd be the first to admit that. What bothered him, though, was the nose, the way it was big and scabby and red. Not brown like the rest of his face, but red. Not a bright red like he had a bad case of cold or the flu, but more a dull pink than anything else, like . . . . . like bubblegum! Like that piece of bubblegum he had chewed and chewed and blown into big bubbles. The lady down the street had given him the gum, the lady with the chickens . . . . . the bad lady who wouldn't give him any more bubblegum. She hadn't said so, but he could tell. She wasn't pretty at all, this one. Her face was greasy and her apron had purple flowers all over it and she was big, so big he hadn't been able to see around her when he had stood at her front door. She had been wiping her hands on the apron. . . . .

"O. K., Jeb, what is it this time?"

"I've got some pears here, nice, ripe pears. Won't be too many more what with fall coming on, so you best buy while you can."

"I don't know if we need any or . . . ." She was still wiping her large, round hands on the apron. "Aw, I suppose I can use a few." She had not looked at him until now. "I'll trade you some eggs?"

He looked at the tip end of his shoes for awhile before he answered, "Now that'd suit me fine."

"Well, come on back, they're in the kitchen."

He followed close behind her, past the large, fine mirror hanging in the hall and on into the kitchen. She pointed to a bowl on top of the cabinet. "Pick out any three."

He lifted the eggs out of the bowl and cradled them in his hands. "It sure is getting cold nights."

The big woman kept plucking away at a chicken in the sink, as though she had not heard.

"I guess I'd better. . . . ." Then his shoe hit the table leg and before he could catch onto the table the eggs were out of his hands and splattered all over the floor! She didn't say a word, just reached for that chicken and started swinging away for all she was worth, smacking him right in the face. He crouched and put up his hands, trying to turn away, but she kept on hitting him and slinging watery chicken feathers all over the room. Between smacks he managed a "Please, don't . . . ." but before he could say more she yelled, "I get so damn" . . . . . she shifted the chicken to her left hand. . . . . "fed up with your foolishness I . . . . . Oh, just get on out. Get on out!" She flung the limp chicken into his hands. "And get rid of that thing!"

He had run out of the house into the sunlight, the sun that was so round and bright. The sun that hurt his eyes, pierced, stabbed. Not like the room, not dark and warm.

The man threw down the mirror and jumped to the floor. Where was it? He had to have it before he left. He'd bought it just last night . . . . . Here. Now he was ready.

Outside, the man knelt beside a tall clump of grass growing next to the room. He parted the strands with care before placing the lettuce leaves on the ground, right in the middle of the clump.

Rabbit always ate the lettuce, every bit of it. Musn't forget his food.

While he was bent over the ground a breeze came up from the north, rippling the thin leaves and causing them to nod back and forth at the man as he hugged the gunneysack close to his body, shivering.

It wasn't long before he stood on the porch of the large white house. The front door was open so he knocked on the wooden part of the screen.

"Why hello, Jeb. Not too many pears fell last night, but you're welcome to all you want." The pretty lady smiled and turned away.

"Uh . . . . . can I pick up some for you?" Jeb moved closer to the screen.

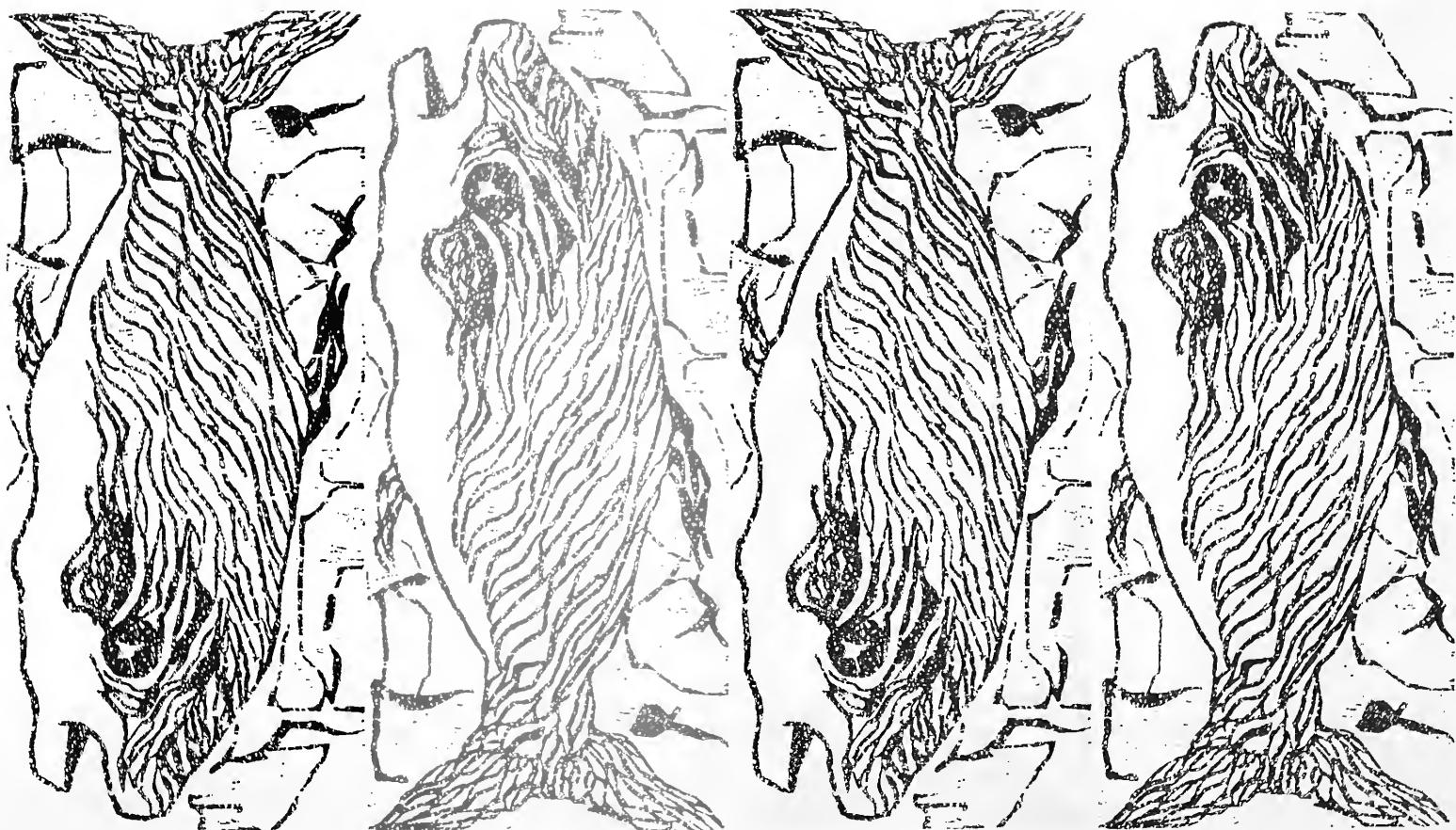
"Oh, I don't guess so, Jeb", the pretty lady said. "We still have plenty on the back porch left from last week."

Jeb stood for a moment after she was gone, then walked into the yard and began dropping pears into his sack.

*(continued on page 19)*



NANCY NEIL. A SYMBOL. *Woodcut*, 20 x 34½ inches.



NANCY NEIL. A SYMBOL. Woodcut, 20 x 34½ inches.

# Immortality: A Trilogy

## Nancy Ruffy

After everyone left the body got up off the floor and lighted a cigarette. It sat on the love-warm bed from which his wife had watched the murder. She was in the hospital now. He tried to remember her. He must have loved her; or maybe she wasn't his wife. Maybe that was why he had been murdered. At any rate it didn't matter. He was dead now and something was knocking at the door. "Come in," said the body and the angel came in not smiling.

"We have to decide what you're going to be," the angel said. "Quickly because fall is a busy time; everything happens at once; everything dies in the fall; honestly, I sit around all spring and all summer and then comes fall and boom everything . . . anyway, what do you want to be?"

"I need some time to think about it," said the body. "I was a damn good plumber tho, wasn't I, angel?"

"When sewers were the only thing you were pumping. However, you can't be a plumber again, and, oh yes, this time you may only have one leg."

"Very well, then, I shall be a right triangle," said the body.

---

The shirt slumped in a dark corner of a big pasteboard box, alone now that the other shapes of man were gone. The smell was alone now too, that smell of oils and chalk and charcoal and body. It was free to be now that the dampwool, excited passion, sweat, perfume, greasy smells were gone.

The pasteboard box was in a big, unpainted house — dark and dark inside — dark outside too, now, but wind. Outside a sign said RUMMAGE SALE. Only the shirt wasn't rummage. But then, it hadn't been sold either. Now that the others were gone, the paint-stained shirt and the smell breathed easily.

---

A leaf bent and flapped and threw its last golden color to the wind. A new rise of wind snapped its dried stem from the body and carried it over the world to the ground. The brown leaf lay where it fell, ornamenting a lawn like a colored snowflake. Then the leaf tumbled and cracked as a rake pulled it together with other brown leaves and with red, and rust, and yellow leaves that had been torn from the tree in full color, and pushed them in a pile. The children came and laughed and sneezed and threw the leaves into the air, and raked them together again with fingers and rolled in them. And night came with rain and wind, and the brown leaf was flung from the rest of the leaves til, heavy with rain, it stuck between roots of a tall wet tree. "This is the part I don't like," said the leaf, "the rotting."

# I Say You Are Young

I say you are young  
And your lips are not stone to the rainfall  
I say you are lovely to speak  
In mouthfuls of sun  
  
Nor does summer await you.

I see the midnight  
Heavy as windows closed against fire  
Or tears coiled like snakes  
In your eyes;  
I see your forehead  
Like snow  
And the names of the so-many winters  
Your fingers play over  
Plucking out rays of light  
To anoint me home;

Yet I say you are young  
And your lips are not stone to be weathered  
Rather a song  
Learned when my april was fallow;  
Sing them for joint beacons  
Lighting us home  
Each—to our separate house.

AUDRE LORDE

# The Wheel of the River Naked

The wheel of the river naked  
of fish shadow and reeds,  
burrows its dream flesh of water  
between the terraces of earth,  
gathering the forest to it like a kingly, innocent lion.

The white wall, the white wall of the sky,  
potted with such frozen blossoms,  
agonizes at the swaggering touch of the river,  
the singing, guileless river, and loosens its curve  
with a deluge of healing into the wounded, shivering trees.

But between them, the tightening branches and the whitening sky,  
no blood rings a tranquil bell of union;  
no sun is born celebrating the conception of leaves,  
nor is revealed a sparkling darkness  
concealing the trembling melon, the cloudy snail,  
and the dark heads of butterflies.

Only the river, the circle of river,  
chiming its pulse of water,  
brings the useful passion to the trees,  
filling the seed with sunlight.  
And instantly through the sudden spheres of sound,  
the delicate flicker of flesh is felt.

Through the water's climate,  
suddenly swarming breezes yield love,  
and the innocent sky bursts with pointed, breathing petals.  
The naked wheel of the river,  
clasping the terraces of earth,  
churns with coral reeds, transparent devious fish,  
and suddenly the breezes swarm with love.

BERTHA HARRIS

## MRS. WATERFORD GOES HOME *(continued from page 7)*

lip curled, and she thought to herself, The way that hussy laughed at my gowns, just because they were homemade and had long sleeves and high necks. They are warm, and decent, which is more than you can say for those scandalous "baby doll" gowns she wears—nothing but ribbon and lace and about a half yard of chiffon! I just can't understand what Charlie sees in her, but she has him twisted around her little finger, poor boy. She hung a framed motto, "God Bless Our Home" on the wall and looked at it thoughtfully. Still, I know if I don't like it here I can always call him to come get me.

She put a white crocheted cover on the bureau and arranged her lotion bottle, her small boxes of rouge and powder and the snaggle-toothed comb and old brush on it symmetrically.

"Charlie wouldn't let me down, not Donald's nephew, that we raised and educated like our own boy, after his parents were killed in that wreck. Lord, when I think of all the music lessons, and the braces on the teeth, and the time he broke his leg falling off his new bicycle, and how I used to hear him his lessons . . . . . he needed me then!" She shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears. "All right, Annie Waterford, finish unpacking and get your things straight. Don't stand here feeling sorry for yourself."

She took her own advice. The room began to look lived in, with Donald and Charlie smiling at her from the mantelpiece and her little Sears, Roebuck radio playing square-dance tunes. She carefully placed her ten or twelve bottles of medicine, pills and liquids, on the bedside table, crowding the big Bible.

She washed her face and hands and combed her hair carefully, thinking aloud as she looked in the mirror, "It may be thin and mouse-colored, but not a grey hair yet, and I was seventy-nine last May. Still got my own teeth too, except for that one bridge!"

She locked the bureau drawers and the closet and put the keys in the change purse of her pocketbook. "Nobody's going to snoop through my things," she muttered, red splotches coming on her throat, "I know old people — always reading your mail and looking at your underclothes if they get a chance. No one is going to see those patches on my long handles but me!"

Just then she glanced at the Big Ben and saw that it was five minutes of six. She decided to go on down to supper. "Lord, help me through it," she prayed under her breath, as she locked her room door and dropped the key in her sweater pocket.

As she started down the hall she stopped to ad-

mire a vase of bronze and yellow chrysanthemums on the table beneath the mirror. She was still standing there when two of the ladies appeared. Mrs. Waterford looked them over as they slowly approached and decided that the heavy set one with the determined chin and the slight mustache was bossy and that the small, blue-eyed woman with the little sausage curls all over her head looked stupid. "Not a brain in her head, I bet."

The big one stuck out her hand and said, "I'm Miss Parks. Do you play bridge?" Mrs. Waterford glared at her and said, "Indeed I don't! I was raised in a Christian home, and my father would turn over in his grave if he thought I'd ever touch a playing card. I listen to the radio and crochet for amusement."

Not waiting to see Mis Parks' disconsolate expression, she turned to the sausage curled one, who said soothingly, "We all have different tastes, and it makes the Home more interesting. I'm Mrs. Franks. We want you to sit at our table."

"Thank you, but I guess I'd better sit where Mrs. Ford tells me to," Mrs. Waterford replied.

"Well, she'll tell you to sit at our table because that is where Miss Rayburn sat, and you are taking her place. She died last week, you know, got pneumonia, and even the wonder drugs couldn't save her. But after all she was ninety-three. She made the prettiest corpse you ever saw in your life, in a new black dress, laying up in the white satin-lined casket, she looked like a fly in buttermilk!" rattled Miss Parks, as they entered the dining room.

Mrs. Waterford noticed that the tablecloths were a dingy white and had stains from other meals on them. She thought longingly for the snow white mats on the breakfast room table at Charlie's home. "Of course, I kept them that way. I guess Lula Belle will let them get as grey as these before long," she muttered to herself as they found their places.

Just then the matron rapped for attention. "Ladies, we have an extra special treat tonight. It is Mrs. Franks' birthday, and she has chosen her favorite menu for supper. Afterwards we'll cut the cake. The other pleasant thing is that we have a new lady with us, Mrs. Waterford."

Mrs. Waterford held her head high and felt eighteen pairs of eyes fasten themselves on her like leeches, thinking as she did, I loathe them all, and though she fixed a smile on her lips and nodded, her eyes remained hard, as they swept the room, taking in the potted geraniums in the windows and the platters of roast pork, rice, string beans and hot biscuits. She saw that six or eight ladies sat at each of the three round tables.

After Mrs. Ford had said a short grace, they sat down to supper.

As Mrs. Franks served the plates she remarked, "I do hope you like roast pork. It's my favorite meat."

"Oh, I like it, all right," replied Mrs. Waterford, "but it doesn't like me. I wouldn't dare eat it at night. I've always had a tetchy stomach and you'd be surprised at the amount of money I've had to spend on medicine. I have to be very careful about what I eat. I'll just eat a few beans and a biscuit or two, though I really don't like hot bread at night. That rice looks gummy to me. I always cook mine dry so that every grain stands apart."

The mention of Mrs. Waterford's delicate stomach brought forth confidences from everyone at the table about ailments, favorite remedies and treatments, so she got through the meal fairly well, though she and Mrs. Frank did not see eye to eye on the value of Larter's Little Liver Pills. They were reconciled, however, when they found each firmly believed in taking a cup of hot water with lemon in it before breakfast. "My father-in-law always said that was the best thing in the world for your liver," Mrs. Franks said.

Just then the grinning cook appeared, carrying a pink frosted birthday cake, and set it down before Mrs. Franks. The twenty-two candles were allowed to burn until the ice cream had been served, then they sang the birthday song. Everyone was singing, though in a different key and in cracked voices, when suddenly one of the ladies at Mrs. Waterford's table took up her spoon and began to shovel down her ice cream, smacking her lips.

The matron's back stiffened, and at the end of the song she announced, her eyes flashing, "Mrs. Franks will blow out the candles and cut the cake now, but we will have no more birthday songs from now on. If we all can't be polite, we'll just have to give up some of the customs that make us a family." She left the room, her starched uniform rustling.

"Well, can you beat that?" Mrs. Waterford heard in a penetrating whisper from the lady beside her. "That Mrs. Anders just can't wait a minute for food, especially something sweet. She is a character, anyway. One time she stuck her head in the Board meeting, all twenty of them sitting there as serious as could be, listening to reports, and yelled out, 'The Yanks are winning, six to two!' It's a wonder they didn't ask her to leave that night, but all of them just laughed."

She continued out loud, "Sometimes I don't see how they can be so patient with us. They are though, and are always bringing us flowers and fresh eggs and peaches and things. They take us to concerts too, and have a lovely Christmas party every year."

Mrs. Waterford snorted, "I bet they ask you questions too, and pry into your affairs. I never could stand do-gooders!"

Mrs. Franks shook her head and said, "Wait till

you meet them, Mrs. Waterford. They really are kind and mean a lot to all of us here. We are lucky to have a matron like Mrs. Ford, too. She gets impatient sometimes, but I trust her absolutely."

"Well, I'll decide what I think of her later," said Mrs. Waterford. "I enjoyed your birthday party. Good night."

"Oh, we have the devotional now," said Miss Parks. "And I hope it won't be too long. Someone is going to pick me up in fifteen minutes for bridge across town," and she drummed on the table with impatient fingers.

Mrs. Franks looked at her pityingly and said, "Miss Parks, we need those prayers . . . . ."

She was going to say more when the matron entered, her expression calm again, and began the brief devotional. "Heavenly Father, whose gift is length of days; Help us to make noble use of mind and body in our advancing years. Sift the ingatherings of our memory that evil may grow dim and good may shine forth . . . ." As she went on, Mrs. Waterford's thoughts turned to the family prayers Donald used to have for her and Charlie, when he wasn't at sea. Before she knew it, Mrs. Ford was patting Mrs. Anders' shoulder and saying, "I'm sorry I lost my temper." Mrs. Anders only grunted.

As Mrs. Waterford limped back to her room, she began to fumble in the black pocketbook for her door key, but it was nowhere to be found. She had emptied the contents of her bag on the hall table and was looking frantically through the soda mints, handkerchiefs, letters and smelling salts when the matron appeared. "What's the trouble?" she asked, seeing the distress of the small lavender clad figure.

"I've lost my door key or someone got it out of my bag."

"Oh, no one here would do that. Isn't it here in your change purse? I see two keys in that," she said, handing over the clear plastic bag.

"No, indeed, neither one is my room key. Where can it be?" She felt in the bag again, with hands that trembled.

"Have you a pocket in your sweater? Perhaps you put it in there," suggested Mrs. Ford.

"Lands sakes alive! Of course, that's what I did. How did you ever think of that?"

"Oh, it happens at least once a day to someone here," replied the matron with a smile. "Good night. I hope you will be happy here."

"Good night, and thank you," said Mrs. Waterford, not making any promises.

The effort of meeting so many strangers, the excitement of the birthday party and losing her key had exhausted her so that she went right to bed, a pulse beating rapidly in her throat. "I don't believe I'll even read the Scripture tonight," she said to herself, as she swallowed two pills. "I'll just think about that prayer. It had a lot to it."

She closed her eyes wearily, but sleep would not come, and she couldn't get the prayer to stay on her mind. She longed for Donald and Charlie, and the little white house in the pine trees, back in Danville. She remembered how she'd paid out a hundred dollars to get in "this place" and that she'd have to pay forty dollars a month as long as she lived here, and will every cent she had left, after her funeral expenses, to the Home. She thought of all the people she'd met here and decided the only one she liked was the matron.

Finally, after turning her hot pillow over once or twice, she gave up and snapped on the bed lamp. She sat up and said, "I wish I had a cup of hot milk. That always soothes me when I'm upset. Think I'll go warm some up and bring it back here."

She got out of bed and turned on the overhead light. As she put on the pretty lavender wrapper Donald had given her that last Christmas before he died, and lovingly smoothed down its collar, she noticed the framed set of Rules for the Home hung on the inside of her door. Rule Eight caught her eye. "Residents are not allowed in the kitchen unless express permission is granted by the matron. Food or drinks are not allowed in the rooms except on Sunday nights, when cold supper is served."

Mrs. Waterford sat down in her rocker and wept, fiercely repressed sobs racking her frail body. "It's my fault," she said. "I read those rules before I came here, but I didn't know how it would feel not to be able to go in the kitchen. I can't even make Charlie any of that white fruit cake he loves so, at Christmas! I'd better read all the rules again." She adjusted her glasses.

"Any resident, who in the judgment of the Board, becomes a disturbing element shall forthwith surrender the premises occupied by her."

A sly grin crossed her tear-stained face and she thought, It's simple. All I have to do is make a nuisance of myself. That's easy! I got Charlie's wife into a frenzy without trying. I remember that time her folks from Jersey were coming and she wanted to have spaghetti. All I said was that spaghetti looked like a bunch of worms to me, with that indigestible sauce like wet clay thrown on the top, and that I knew Charlie preferred hot hominy and fried chicken. The fit she threw!

Just then a tap sounded on the door and the matron's voice said, "Have you gone to bed? There's a letter here for you. I forgot to give it to you when you came in."

Mrs. Waterford dried her eyes and opened the door eagerly. "It must be from Charlie, that dear boy. I know his wife wouldn't write me. I bet he wants me to come right on home."

The matron silently handed her the letter and turned to go, but Mrs. Waterford said, "Wait a minute till I get in bed and I'll read it to you. Charlie writes beautiful letters."

"Dear Auntie," she read, "You certainly took a

load off my mind when you decided to go to the Home. It must be a fine place and I know you are enjoying it. Lula Belle and I want you to be happy, and we both feel that you'll like having no responsibilities or cares."

"I am writing this now as Lula Belle and I are going to New Orleans for a trip. We've been tied down for a long time, you know. Now you are all fixed, with nice congenial friends, all your own age, and I can enjoy myself with a clear conscience.

Watch out, New Orleans, here I come!

Love,  
Charlie."

Mrs. Waterford's voice died away and she stared incredulously at the sheet of paper. "Oh, no," she whispered, her voice breaking. "He couldn't have written that. It just isn't true!" She buried her face in her hands and began to sob again, this time making no effort to control herself.

The matron slipped out of the room and returned in a minute with Mrs. Franks, who was still dressed, though her hair was rolled up on rag curlers. "I've brought you Mrs. Franks," Mrs. Ford said. "I'll leave you two alone."

Mrs. Franks took the hand of the distraught woman. Now, all her reserve down, the worries and hurts of the day came tumbling out.

"For Charlie to write me such a letter! 'Glad I have no responsibilities or cares.' Here I am with a bunch of strangers, half of them freaks, and I have no home except this place, in my old age. The shame of it!" And she wept anew.

Mrs. Franks sat down on the bed and said gently, "I know how you feel. All of us do. We've been through it, the feeling of humiliation and loneliness. But we have adjusted to being here and are reasonably happy. There really are some very nice ladies here, though, of course, we have one or two odd ones, like Mrs. Anders and Miss Parks. The thing to do is to keep busy, Mrs. Waterford. You'll find there is a lot you can do to help."

They sat in silence for a few moments, then Mrs. Waterford replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Franks. I'll do the best I can."

"Good," said Mrs. Franks. "Now get some rest. You must be exhausted."

"I am, but before I close my eyes tonight, I'm going to write Charlie, that skunk!" She pulled her violet shawl about her shoulders. "Hand me that writing paper box, please."

As Mrs. Franks tiptoed out of the room, Mrs. Waterford was beginning in a spidery handwriting, "Dear Charlie, I surely enjoyed your nice letter. I love the Home and wish I'd come here long ago. Everyone is so nice and congenial, as you said."

"It is wonderful to think I'll never have to wash another sinkful of dirty dishes as long as I live . . . . ."

She never even heard the door close.

## RED NOSE

(continued from page 12)

"Mind if I have one?"

He knew the pretty lady had a daughter, he'd heard her say so. He'd never seen her, though. This must be the one. She was so clean . . . sort of shiny all over. "Is this your house?"

"Yes." She was looking at him now, at his dirty pants and shirt, his face. "You must be Jeb."

She knew his name, she knew his name was Jeb. He'd find her the best looking pear she ever saw, yes sir, he'd give her a big, juicy pear. That one's too small, wouldn't near fill her up . . . . . This one's too hard . . . . . This one . . . . This one's just right. She'd like this one for sure.

He held the pear close to her face, grinning. "Here."

"Thank you, Jeb."

"Do you want any more? I've got some good ones in the sack. I'll find you a couple quicker'n you can say Jack Sprat. I always . . . . ."

"That's all right, I don't want any more."

"You sure you don't . . . . ." She was walking towards the house but he could see her face, enough to tell. He'd seen it before, that look, so he knew. He'd only walk over to the window since it was open and there were some pears right at the edge of the house.

" . . . . so scary. I didn't like hearing him talk. His voice is so raspy and it sounded like it must hurt him. And that red nose. Honestly, Mother, I don't see why you let him come here!"

The pears were heavy, so heavy Jeb felt he would drop them any minute. But he couldn't let go. No, the sack would get lighter in a little while after he sold a few more. What if the pretty lady's daughter didn't like him. No matter. He'd sell the pears, all the same . . . . . heavy pears. But soon not so heavy. The man at the big house on the corner had bought a dozen, and the new people who had five children, they said. And the others. No matter. The new people said they were going to make pear honey. It always is good in the fall after all the pears are gone.

"Have you got any left, Jeb? The wife wanted to cook a few for supper tonight so I told her I'd run

out and catch you when you passed. How's business?"

Jeb looked up at the man who stood in front of him. "Yes, yes, I've got some of the best, juiciest pears you ever saw. Will nine be enough?" He handed him four, then five more. "Nine. That'll be forty, . . . . thirty-eight, . . . . thirty-six cents."

The man was holding out a fifty-cent piece. Jeb reached into his billfold for the change and dropped it into the man's shirt pocket. "Thank you, sir, thank you."

It was even darker than before in the room when Jeb returned, so dark that he stood for a moment in the doorway before he walked to the table and set down the sack of pears, now almost empty. The mirror lay on the table where he had left it, but in the faint light he could not see its cracks and spots. Instead, it seemed to be once again whole, perfect. He picked it up and lifted it until he was staring at his own reflection, rubbing the palm of his hand over the rough back of the mirror and feeling the holes and splinters that covered its uneven surface.

He wouldn't have to sell too many more pears, just a couple more batches, then he could buy a new mirror, one that he could hang on the wall and look at every day—a big, shiny mirror like the bad lady had in her hall. And there would be no more cracks and splinters to hurt his hands, scratch and tear his hands.

Jeb looked up at the window where his shirt flapped in the breeze. He walked to the window and looked out at the tall clump of grass where he had left the lettuce. It would be cold soon, so cold that the grass would die. And then where would he put the lettuce? Of course he could always leave it on the ground with a small rock on part of it to hold it down so it wouldn't blow away.

Something was bothering him, something that he couldn't explain. It was a worrysome feeling that things were not right, not as they ought to be. It wasn't the pears . . . . or the room. Not even anything about himself.

And he knew what it was. Would his rabbit live through the winter—the long, cold winter?

The first stars were coming out as he stood by the window, watching. Already the moonlight was darkening the ground nearby with the shadow of the room, a solid, creeping shadow, as the wind blew stronger and the grass bent lower.

# CALENDAR OF EVENTS

## SIXTEENTH ANNUAL ARTS FESTIVAL

### Monday, MARCH 9

- 8:00 p.m. Poetry reading  
RANDALL JARRELL  
Library Lecture Hall

### Tuesday, MARCH 10

- 3:00 p.m. Poetry reading and discussion  
ROBERT LOWELL  
Library Lecture Hall

### Wednesday, MARCH 11

- 10:00 a.m. Discussion of Arts Festival *Coraddi*.  
WILLIAM BLACKBURN, JOHN FRANK,  
ROBERT LOWELL, MURRAY NAUSS  
Library Lecture Hall

### Thursday, MARCH 12

- 10:00 a.m. Lecture—"Art in Contemporary Ceramics"  
ROBERT TURNER  
Library Lecture Hall
- 2:00 p.m. Gallery Tour with  
ROBERT TURNER  
Elliott Hall Gallery
- 8:00 p.m. Concert of 20th Century Music  
featuring WALLINGFORD RIEGGER  
as composer and conductor  
Recital Hall, Music Building

### Friday, MARCH 13

- 10:30 a.m. Lecture on Contemporary Composition  
WALLINGFORD RIEGGER  
Recital Hall, Music Building
- 1:00 p.m. Evaluation—Student Choreography  
from Southern Colleges  
LUCAS HOVING  
Coleman Gymnasium
- 8:00 p.m. Dance Concert  
WOMAN'S COLLEGE DANCE GROUP  
Aycock Auditorium

### Saturday, MARCH 14

- 10:00 a.m. Master Class in Dance  
LUCAS HOVING—open only to  
dance students and teachers  
Coleman Gymnasium
- 10:00 a.m. Student Compositions with review by  
WALLINGFORD RIEGGER  
Recital Hall, Music Building
- 4:00 p.m. STUDENT COFFEE HOUR  
Elliott Hall Lounge
- 8:00 p.m. Three Prizewinning Plays  
with review by BETTY SMITH  
(One-Act Playwriting Competition  
Sponsored by the Arts Festival  
and the Theatre of the Woman's College)  
Aycock Auditorium

Registration: Information Desk, Elliott Hall.

## SPECIAL FEATURES

March 10-20   *Coraddi* Exhibition  
Elliott Hall Gameroom

March 4-18   Elliott Hall Gallery  
Exhibition of Student Photography

March 9-28   Elliott Hall Gallery  
Ceramics and Jewelry Exhibition

March 17      Ceramics Studio Workshop  
7:30 p.m.      Basement, Aycock Auditorium

8:00 p.m. \*Thursday-Saturday, MARCH 5-7, The Theatre of the Woman's College  
Presents *The Good Woman of Setzuan* by Bertholt Brecht  
Aycock Auditorium

8:00 p.m. \*Tuesday, MARCH 10  
*Twelfth Night*, Players Incorporated  
Aycock Auditorium

8:00 p.m. \*Wednesday, MARCH 11  
*Oedipus*, Players Incorporated  
Aycock Auditorium

\*Arts Festival General Admission Cards are not honored

THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE CORADDI INVITES ITS READERS TO

# WIN A FIN

from

# LIMERICK LAUGHTER

A New Monthly Contest Sponsored and Judged by the Coraddi Staff on Behalf of our Back Cover Advertiser

Put a little sunshine in your life. Put some cash in your pocket. Enter the monthly *Coraddi* "Limerick Laughter" contest. It's easy. It's fun! You have three chances to win every month you enter. Here's how the contest works:

Each month, the *Coraddi* will award \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M cigarette pack. Another \$5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Ten (10) honorary mention limerick winners each month will receive Happy Talk game, the new hilarious word game.

Write your limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield or Oasis cigarettes.

This contest is open to all Woman's College students and faculty members. Entries must be mailed or delivered to the *Coraddi* office, and limericks for the March contest must be received by April 2, 1959. Names of the winners will be published in the next edition of the *Coraddi*.

So enter now and keep entering each month. The samples below show you how easy it is to write a winning limerick.

*At W. C. the coming of spring  
Is not marked by the bird on the wing  
But by each Lochinvar  
Setting forth in his car  
Intent on a Carolina fling.  
  
O Pity the plight of Farouk  
Once a king now not even a duke  
But he still gets big pleasure  
In true kingly measure  
With a Chesterfield in his Chibouk.*

*An astronomy student named Lars  
Discovered while studying Mars  
With an L & M smoke  
He could always evoke  
A great deal more taste and it's low in tars.  
  
A maiden who'd never been kissed  
Kept wondering what she had missed  
'Til she smoked an Oasis  
And just on that basis  
She settled for its Menthol Mist.*



**L & M is Low in tar  
with More taste to it.  
Don't settle for one without the other.**



**CHESTERFIELD KING  
Nothing Satisfies Like the  
Big Clean Taste of Top Tobacco**



**MENTHOL-MILD OASIS  
Delightfully Different  
— a Refreshing Change**

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